

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily published, but for the purpose of identifying the writer.

THE ALL-WOOL SHIRT.

My father bought an undershirt of bright and flaming red. All wool, I'm ready to assert.

McWILLIAMS' LUCK.

McWilliams was down on his luck. I do not wish it to be inferred from this that McWilliams ever had any luck in particular, or was likely to have, as fortune's fickle wheel spun him away into the future.

McWilliams, unfortunately, never recognized this. He had lived with the half-defined notion that fortune some day would turn in his favor, and he would achieve enduring success without much effort of his own.

McWilliams' luck had deserted him at last! The hopeful man had waited a long time for fortune's wheel to stop in front of him; and now that it had stopped a flying spoke had knocked him down.

The process of it was altogether unrecognized by McWilliams. This result of fate was in another form, but a renunciation of a religion, and the ultimate issue was neither argued with nor questioned.

The morning of the twenty-ninth day of January, 1866, saw McWilliams at work with a shovel on the edge of his lease. He was digging a water-well.

McWilliams was pretty low down on his luck at this time; for he was less than a hewer of wood—he was a drawer of water. In Pitohole in 1865-66 the drawing of water was much more profitable than it had been in ancient Palestine.

At the close of the second day McWilliams was so well satisfied with his defiance of fate, fortune and luck that he determined to quit his boarding-house, and for the sake of economy, take up his residence in an abandoned engine-house on his lease.

With his hands engaged in purely mechanical labor, the busy mind broke away from the menial office of the body and soared into a world of its own. The unthinking hand plod on, the quiet eye performs its part but the mind roams at its will, builds castles, towns and

this time he was shamefully imposed upon by a young woman in Oil City.

The young woman was good enough in her way, but her way, unfortunately, was a little different from the orthodox. Personally, and so far as any one knew, she stood without reproach, but her ideas of life, I grieve to say, were somewhat warped.

For the sake of euphemism, let us say ambitious to get a husband. An inclined to the belief that she did not expect to love her husband when she got him, for she had had time enough on her hands to love two or three husbands.

Mrs. McWilliams ought to have been happy; but if the unsolicited testimony of disinterested witnesses may be allowed as evidence, it would seem that she was not so contented as she appeared. With a wariness truly Scotch in its origin and tendency, McWilliams refused to launch into extravagance in living until the capacity of the Pitohole lease should be known.

McWilliams' luck had deserted him at last! The hopeful man had waited a long time for fortune's wheel to stop in front of him; and now that it had stopped a flying spoke had knocked him down.

The process of it was altogether unrecognized by McWilliams. This result of fate was in another form, but a renunciation of a religion, and the ultimate issue was neither argued with nor questioned.

The morning of the twenty-ninth day of January, 1866, saw McWilliams at work with a shovel on the edge of his lease. He was digging a water-well.

McWilliams was pretty low down on his luck at this time; for he was less than a hewer of wood—he was a drawer of water. In Pitohole in 1865-66 the drawing of water was much more profitable than it had been in ancient Palestine.

At the close of the second day McWilliams was so well satisfied with his defiance of fate, fortune and luck that he determined to quit his boarding-house, and for the sake of economy, take up his residence in an abandoned engine-house on his lease.

With his hands engaged in purely mechanical labor, the busy mind broke away from the menial office of the body and soared into a world of its own. The unthinking hand plod on, the quiet eye performs its part but the mind roams at its will, builds castles, towns and

cities, paints pictures in bright array at close of day, until ambition, filled with light and hope, returns to ebb and flow the waves of fortune.

Those three (scape) graces, old grand-mother Fate, her worldly-wise daughter, Fortune, and her impulsive grand-daughter, Luck, watched McWilliams with curious attention that day. Here was a former slave, in defiance of their teachings, well started on the road to prosperity; here was a case that demanded attention. If McWilliams, by sheer force of will and energy, could get along without them, they surely could not get along without him.

The fourth day of February, 1866, will long be remembered by men that drill for crude petroleum. It was the day on which Fate shot her last arrow at McWilliams. Leaving the clumsy pump and greasy water-buckets in charge of an indignant crew, McWilliams set off for Oil City to buy machinery for his new enterprise.

It was late in the afternoon when, on the west side of the city, the hills of Pitohole. A towering cloud of smoke hung over the city. Holden street was in flames. The Tremont House, the Syracuse House, the United States Hotel, the Buffalo House and the Chau-tauque livery stables were great blocks of fire.

McWilliams hastened forward. His first thoughts were for his pumps and water-buckets. Of course, in their eagerness to subdue the fire the citizens would seize upon his pump and use all the water without a thought of remuneration. In hasty or careless pumping they would destroy the well or pump it out.

The crowd pressed like madmen about the pump. Greasy drippers, with strong, rude motions, elbowed aside less staid men and trod on the toes of staidly dressed speculators from the East. Small men went down like straws in the crush, and the crowd grew so thick that McWilliams could not get a word from any one.

The morning of the twenty-ninth day of January, 1866, saw McWilliams at work with a shovel on the edge of his lease. He was digging a water-well.

McWilliams was pretty low down on his luck at this time; for he was less than a hewer of wood—he was a drawer of water. In Pitohole in 1865-66 the drawing of water was much more profitable than it had been in ancient Palestine.

At the close of the second day McWilliams was so well satisfied with his defiance of fate, fortune and luck that he determined to quit his boarding-house, and for the sake of economy, take up his residence in an abandoned engine-house on his lease.

With his hands engaged in purely mechanical labor, the busy mind broke away from the menial office of the body and soared into a world of its own. The unthinking hand plod on, the quiet eye performs its part but the mind roams at its will, builds castles, towns and

establishment. She went away again with a check for five thousand dollars in her pocket. In exchange she had given a written promise never to return. As I have stated elsewhere, it was an easy thing to impose upon McWilliams. A month afterward she was lost in a storm, while on her way to Europe.

Last winter, while standing as an idle visitor in the correspondents' gallery in the House of Representatives at Washington, I heard a strong, stately, familiar voice deliver a speech on the tariff question. The honorable member went at his subject hammer and tongs, and by his dogged earnestness claimed the close attention of the whole House.

As he finished his speech he saw me and hastened up stairs to meet me. His grip was stronger and even more persistent than his speech. "How's your luck, McWilliams?" I asked, when the first explosion of goodwill on both sides were over.

"Oh, hang the luck," said he, "I never think of it. All the luck there is in life is that which you can put out with your first lot. It's hard work and plenty of it. But come down to Willard's; my wife will be delighted to see you."

Habits of Northern Hares. The toes of the hare are many—haws, snaws, polesaws, weasels, minks, snakes, dogs and wild and domestic cats.

When wounded, suddenly seized or frightened, a hare utters a quick, sharp, wailing sound, like qu-a-a-a-a! strikingly like a very young infant.

The crowd pressed like madmen about the pump. Greasy drippers, with strong, rude motions, elbowed aside less staid men and trod on the toes of staidly dressed speculators from the East.

The morning of the twenty-ninth day of January, 1866, saw McWilliams at work with a shovel on the edge of his lease. He was digging a water-well.

McWilliams was pretty low down on his luck at this time; for he was less than a hewer of wood—he was a drawer of water. In Pitohole in 1865-66 the drawing of water was much more profitable than it had been in ancient Palestine.

At the close of the second day McWilliams was so well satisfied with his defiance of fate, fortune and luck that he determined to quit his boarding-house, and for the sake of economy, take up his residence in an abandoned engine-house on his lease.

With his hands engaged in purely mechanical labor, the busy mind broke away from the menial office of the body and soared into a world of its own. The unthinking hand plod on, the quiet eye performs its part but the mind roams at its will, builds castles, towns and

Why France Wants Anam. "Why do the French want Anam?" "It is a possession which is an immense acquisition. It is a large territory to begin with, and its capacity for future development are immense."

The natural resources are great. The land, as I understand it, is extremely fertile, and only lacks cultivation to produce the heaviest of crops adapted to the climate. Again, the mineral deposits are unquestionably rich. I know this to be a fact, that not long ago a civil engineer—and a most capable and trustworthy gentleman he was in his profession—was employed by the Chinese government to go through China and make a thorough examination as to its mineral deposits.

As he finished his speech he saw me and hastened up stairs to meet me. His grip was stronger and even more persistent than his speech. "How's your luck, McWilliams?" I asked, when the first explosion of goodwill on both sides were over.

"Oh, hang the luck," said he, "I never think of it. All the luck there is in life is that which you can put out with your first lot. It's hard work and plenty of it. But come down to Willard's; my wife will be delighted to see you."

Habits of Northern Hares. The toes of the hare are many—haws, snaws, polesaws, weasels, minks, snakes, dogs and wild and domestic cats.

When wounded, suddenly seized or frightened, a hare utters a quick, sharp, wailing sound, like qu-a-a-a-a! strikingly like a very young infant.

The crowd pressed like madmen about the pump. Greasy drippers, with strong, rude motions, elbowed aside less staid men and trod on the toes of staidly dressed speculators from the East.

The morning of the twenty-ninth day of January, 1866, saw McWilliams at work with a shovel on the edge of his lease. He was digging a water-well.

McWilliams was pretty low down on his luck at this time; for he was less than a hewer of wood—he was a drawer of water. In Pitohole in 1865-66 the drawing of water was much more profitable than it had been in ancient Palestine.

At the close of the second day McWilliams was so well satisfied with his defiance of fate, fortune and luck that he determined to quit his boarding-house, and for the sake of economy, take up his residence in an abandoned engine-house on his lease.

With his hands engaged in purely mechanical labor, the busy mind broke away from the menial office of the body and soared into a world of its own. The unthinking hand plod on, the quiet eye performs its part but the mind roams at its will, builds castles, towns and

"What has become of the Yankee sailor that used to man the clipper ships?" "He doesn't grow any more. Why should he? What is there to induce a boy to go to sea? Is it the \$18 a month that he can earn, but not always get, when he has sailed long enough to learn his trade? Is it the salt horse and had tuck that he lives on? Is it the persuasive fist of a mate when that gentleman is afflicted with a sour temper? Or do you think of one reason why a young man should go to sea?"

The law will allow American ships to take only American citizens as officers. If the lad is energetic and capable, as you say, he can, after five or six years, get promoted to a second mate's berth. That means \$25 a month more than the men before the mast. Here, look at this list.

The shipping list of the iron schooner Josephine was spread before the eyes of the mate. The mate had signed for \$10 a month, the second mate at \$25, one seaman at \$20, four at \$18, the cook at \$15, and an ordinary seaman at \$14.

As he finished his speech he saw me and hastened up stairs to meet me. His grip was stronger and even more persistent than his speech. "How's your luck, McWilliams?" I asked, when the first explosion of goodwill on both sides were over.

"Oh, hang the luck," said he, "I never think of it. All the luck there is in life is that which you can put out with your first lot. It's hard work and plenty of it. But come down to Willard's; my wife will be delighted to see you."

Habits of Northern Hares. The toes of the hare are many—haws, snaws, polesaws, weasels, minks, snakes, dogs and wild and domestic cats.

When wounded, suddenly seized or frightened, a hare utters a quick, sharp, wailing sound, like qu-a-a-a-a! strikingly like a very young infant.

The crowd pressed like madmen about the pump. Greasy drippers, with strong, rude motions, elbowed aside less staid men and trod on the toes of staidly dressed speculators from the East.

The morning of the twenty-ninth day of January, 1866, saw McWilliams at work with a shovel on the edge of his lease. He was digging a water-well.

McWilliams was pretty low down on his luck at this time; for he was less than a hewer of wood—he was a drawer of water. In Pitohole in 1865-66 the drawing of water was much more profitable than it had been in ancient Palestine.

At the close of the second day McWilliams was so well satisfied with his defiance of fate, fortune and luck that he determined to quit his boarding-house, and for the sake of economy, take up his residence in an abandoned engine-house on his lease.

With his hands engaged in purely mechanical labor, the busy mind broke away from the menial office of the body and soared into a world of its own. The unthinking hand plod on, the quiet eye performs its part but the mind roams at its will, builds castles, towns and

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL. In Kanawha County, W. Va., forty Baptist congregations worship in school-houses or halls.

In Pennsylvania there is a large falling off in the number of male teachers in the public schools. Philadelphia Press.

Hon. Alden Spargo has given to Boston University \$40,000 to endow a chair of liberal arts, in memory of his daughter.—Boston Post.

Adolphus Bixby, ninety-four years old, the oldest man in Marlboro, N. H., has earned and deposited in the bank two hundred dollars by selling needles since he was ninety years old.—Troy Times.

If church building is any evidence of prosperity the Methodist Church must be prospering, for she is erecting churches all over the country. Her journals record in every issue a decided increase, new organizations and other evidences of progress and denominational extension.—N. Y. Herald.

The Children's Aid Society of New York City has twenty-one day and thirteen night schools, where 9,355 boys and 4,631 girls are taught by eighty-nine salaried and forty-eight volunteer teachers. Of the pupils, 1,812 are children of drunken parents, and 1,213 were engaged in street begging.—N. Y. Sun.

Mr. J. B. Peaslee, Superintendent of the Cincinnati schools, says that one of the greatest powers for evil is the low and degrading writings our boys and girls are reading. Even educators, he fears, are not fully aroused to the terrible influences this reading is exerting upon the lives and characters of the young.

Tolman Wheeler, of Chicago, who has given about \$70,000 to religious corporations, has set apart a piece of land on Washington Boulevard, near California street, for a theological seminary, and to it he will add \$100,000 for the buildings and \$100,000 for the endowment of the seminary.—Chicago Herald.

A Flurry in Real Estate. "I'm afloat! I'm afloat on a wide, rolling sea! I'm afloat and afloat and afloat round for board! I've got an excited individual, tearing into a dry-goods store, and upsetting a half dozen rolls of ingrain carpet; 'what I want is gore, pure, genuine, unadulterated gore—b-l-o-o-d!' and glaring at the proprietor he made a vicious flick at one of the clerks, who immediately crawled under the counter and hid.

"Why, what is the matter with you?" inquired the merchant, growing pale and trembling.

"You know me, don't you?" said the man, fiercely.

"Yes, you are Mr. Bodkin." "Yes, I'm Bodkin, and I'm on the war-path. I've got my red paint and feathers on. You know my business, too, I suppose—come out of that hole under the counter and I'll feed your flesh to the fowls of the air!"